

# A Dribble of Dragon Drabbles

by The Antic Repartee

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Summary: A collection of HTTYD drabbles. Some short, some long, all insights to moments of our favorite Vikings' lives. Family, love, friendship, and the odd, zany crossover. Everything and anything might show up here. \*Rating, characters, and categories may change subject to the latest chapter\*

## 1. The Choice (xover)

**\*\*A brief A/N:\*\*** \_Hello, hello! After getting an earful by a couple people about hoarding all my drabbles on Tumblr, I've decided to post a collection of them here (my other works are still in progress-fear not). Most of them are HTTYD with a few crossovers. Some are pure canon, others might dip into the Hitchups universe. I'll give an idea of what the drabble contains at the top of each page. Enjoy!\_

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><p><strong>Title<strong>: The Choice

**\*\*Rating:** \*\*K+/T

**\*\*Characters\*\*:** Hiccup, Astrid, Guest

**\*\*Type\*\*:** Crossover

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><p><strong>#####<strong>

Astrid Hofferson stepped out of the Mead Hall and paused at the brow of the stone steps. The sun touched her face as it dipped in the sky. She inhaled the crisp autumn air and took a moment to drink in her surroundings from her high perch.

This was Berk.

Houses lined the hills, the foundations old but the roofs barely chipped, each crested by a dragon carving specific to the family within. Astrid could name every family's chosen breed. Vikings milled in between the structures. Some just returning from a quest, others hanging laundry or dried meats, and yet more piling their daily collection of lumber or kills in sheds or lean-tos, each grimy from a hard day's work and ready to get their n  ttm  ll fill.

Astrid's own hands still ached with blisters from her morning workout, her arms were pleasantly sore. She'd work out again tomorrow morning. Then she'd do her chores, feel the satisfaction in her own polished reflection of her weapons, or in the fresh scent of clean stables, and then she would practice improving Stormfly's dive speed. Every day began with piping tea and dawn-lit chores and ended with a tankard of mead in hand. It was a ritual she took comfort in.

She took in another breath and gauged that she had just enough time before sunset for an evening fly. Unlike Night Furies, Nadders preferred to fly in the daytime, when their reflection could be seen over any body of water. Astrid didn't mind; Stormfly's dazzling reflection just gave the Nadder the added incentive she needed to reach the water faster.

A small smile came to Astrid's lips at the thought of reaching the water before Hiccup for once. She loved having goals and she loved reaching those goals even more. She wasn't like Hiccup; she didn't want to push the boundries of their world or explore the unknowns or leave tasks half-finished in scatter-brained form as something else randomly struck her fancy. She liked the security of her home and her routines and perfecting what she had. It could take a lifetime, but she would beat Snotlout in the Thawfest games. She would become the best flyer of her age-group. She would maintain her calming morning rituals and work on securing the best backhanded swing in Berk and someday win the chug-a-mug contests held every Sondag.

Her lips still pulled in a grin, Astrid began her descent down into the footpaths of Berk.

Yes, this was her home. She would happily spend her life here. A perfect, diligent, planned life of hard work and rewards. Because that was the viking way, and she couldn't imagine a better way to live.

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><p><strong>#####<strong>

Hiccup Horrendous Haddock stepped out of the Mead Hall and paused in the spot Astrid occupied just moments before. His gaze glided over his village.

This was Berk. This was where he had spent his life.

He could see the pier of Hooligan Harbor, the tide glinting orange in the fading sun, where vikings moored their ships from a day on the waters and hauled in their daily catch. Just as they had done the day before. The SealHunt still needed repairs on her hull. The Ingermans

and the Gunlaugs were still in competition over who managed the greatest net-worth of catch each week.

The Mead barrels were being rolled along the same path they were at the end of every day since Berk was established. The ground beneath was hard-packed, over-trodden dirt where grass would never grow again. Hiccup could see Stallwort shaking out and staking animals furs on the same lines his father used to before he fell to sickness. Stallwort's son would someday do the same.

Hiccup's eyes trailed to his home—the chief's home—where his father governed from the same chair his father's father governed from. Probably settling down for his evening mead drink. He glanced to the Gyā'ja's home, then to the lā'knir's. They were always in the same place, so that no one would ever have trouble finding them. Fishing families resided near the harbor while those skilled at hunting tended to settle near the forest's edge. The tanner was two hills over and the potter was at the left of the village square. In spite of specific skill sets, everyone helped with everything. It was how their community worked.

They sheered the sheep in Einmā'nuā'ur and slaughtered the pigs in Gormā'nuā'ur. Weddings were held at summer's end and death tallies were counted at winter's. It was the same, every year. Hunts happened in seasons and fishing was year-round. The Thing was held three times a year in the Barbaric Archipelagoes and hosted on Berk every other Heyannir.

Fishing, hunting, fighting, eating, drinking, gossiping, trading. This was the viking way. The only way.

His stomach clenched.

This was Berk.

Coldness spread from the pit of his gut and up his spine.

This was his life.

It settled in his throat like a hard lump of reality.

This is what the rest of his life would be.

Hiccup turned away from the scene.

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><p><strong>#####<strong>

The usual clank of metal-on-stone was absent and Astrid knew that she was alone. When she turned around to call for Hiccup to hurry up, she was met with an empty set of stairs.

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><p><strong>#####<strong>

"I'm coming."

Hiccup felt a bit stupid talking to the unnatural blue box. The strange, otherworldly thing seemed even more out of place dug into the earth, lopsided among the trees, like it had been dropped from the sky. It made an alarming, repetitive sound—"like the shrill echoing warble of elderly Terrible Terror rocking over waves.

The door of the box opened in response to his voice and a woman's head popped out. The same woman who cornered him days before with an offer that left him distant and distracted toward his fellow Berkians.

Hiccup couldn't begin to describe her clothes; they were none he'd ever seen on any other before in his life. Her hair was dark strawberry and tied sloppily to her head. A pair of "spectacles" dangled at the edge of her nose as though constantly under the threat of slipping off.

"You've thought this through?" she asked in that strange accent.

Truthfully, Hiccup was half delirious with his rash decision—"giddy even. But for all his failings, Hiccup could always, always recognize opportunity. Especially once-in-a-lifetime opportunities.

"Yeah," he answered while trying to keep his mind blank. He had to jump in with both feet with this, like he did when he decided to release a wild, injured Night Fury. Like he did when he decided to kidnap the most combative, dangerous Viking of his generation. Life-changing opportunities couldn't be over-thought. They just had to be done.

Besides, she promised hardly any time would pass here on Berk. Few would acknowledge his absence for too long if everything went to plan (no altogether reassuring).

Hiccup had set Toothless up with his self-powered tailfin and told the dragon to behave. Just in case.

The woman's face broke out into a wide grin and she gestured for him to follow her into the blue box, babbling all the while.

"Excellent! I've really missed human companionship, you know. In you go now. We have much to do, much to do. Mind the buttons!"

Hiccup followed, unsure if they could both fit inside (which he personally thought might be a very vibrant outhouse).

She called herself The Doctor, in her "first female body", as she cheerfully told him earlier (whatever that meant). She promised him worlds and adventures and for his curiosity to always, always be sated.

Of course Hiccup couldn't say no. He ended a war. He tamed dragons. He touched the skies.

He couldn't stop now.

## 2. Warmth (HiccupAstrid)

**\*\*A/N:** **\*\*This was inspired by my Just another date Night doodle (just google that + AvannaK and I'm sure it'll show up)**

**\*\*Title\*\*:** Warmth

**\*\*Rating:** **\*\*K+/T**

**\*\*Characters\*\*:** Hiccup, Astrid

**\*\*Type\*\*:** Post-move; Fluff

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Warmth<strong>

\* \* \*

><p><strong>#####<strong>

"Stormfly, still," Astrid commanded.

The Nadder's fidgeting barely halted but her rider still managed to get one of the three saddle straps undone.

"Hey," Astrid called out as she worked. "Let's check out the Ice Gorges next time. I hear there are some edible wild berries in those parts. We've pretty much exhausted all of Berk's by nowâ€|"

She kept her focus on maneuvering around the next set of buckles, even as Hiccup's voice rose to respond from the other side of his dragon.

"I thought you said it was too close to Villainy?"

Astrid's shrugged. "Eh, I wasn't sure you could keep up before. I think we can give it a go next time we're in the area."

There was a pause. Then, slow and uncertain, Hiccup repeated her words.

"You weren't sure I could keep up?"

Astrid bit her lip to keep from smiling. His voice always dipped in pitch when he was annoyed.

"Yeah," she went on, her tone light by comparison. "I can't have you getting tuckered out in enemy territory, after all. Stoick would kill me."

Hiccup popped his head around Toothless's backside and looked at her with narrowed eyes.

"Uh huh. If I recall, you just spent the entire flight behind me," he remarked dryly.

"By choice," she pointed out.

"Was it, though?"

"Of course. I have to make sure you don't fall behind."

Toothless trotted away, free from his burden, and Hiccup tossed the saddle on a pile of leathers. He turned to face her.

"Ah, right," he began in mock thoughtfulness. "You just wanted to make sure I didn't fall behind. That's why the last three times we've been flyingâ€"even the local flightsâ€"you decided to stay behind me."

"Exactly," Astrid said primly while ignoring the emphasis Hiccup put on certain words. Instead she put her attention on pulling free the final saddle strap.

Hiccup pressed on, the amusement in his voice rising.

"I noticed, you know," he began and Astrid's head whipped around to stare at him, "â€| that you were really intent on making sure I didn't fall behind. Every time I looked back. You were very focused on your task."

He placed his hands on his hips and all Astrid could think was how it accented the pinch of his waist. She didn't know why she would notice such a thing, especially since Hiccup hadn't gotten any thinner in past years. Perhaps it only appeared more narrow because his shoulders seemed to have managed a broader reach sometime in the last few months.

Astrid realized she must have taken pause for too long, because now Hiccup was smiling at her in that annoying, accusing way. Her cheeks heated beneath the wind-nipped chill of her skin.

"Believe what you want," she said as stiffly as she could. She pulled the saddle from Stormfly's back and dropped it over by Toothless's.

"You know I will."

Astrid curled her lip good-naturedly at him and shook out her still-numb fingers.

"It's getting a little too cold to fly without gloves," she remarked. It wasn't just a topic change either; taking Stormfly's saddle off took twice as long as it should have.

Her focus elsewhere, Astrid hadn't noticed Hiccup moved to stand in front of her until he reached out for her hands and gingerly took both into his care. He didn't utter a word as he drew them to his mouth. He held her gaze, cupped her hands before his lips and exhaled on them. The heat of his breath curled around her fingers, hammering life back into the stiff digits.

Astrid smiled as he worked, feeling thankful for the shade of the barn that kept them from watchful eyes. There was something unexpectedly intimate about the way he stared at her, with her fingers so near his lips and his breath so moist, and Astrid knew she couldn't look away even if she wanted to.

Puff after puff of hot air caressed her fingers, until Hiccup finally, slowly, lowered their joined hands from his mouth. He kept his hold, though; both on her hands and her gaze.

"Better?" he asked.

"Yeah."

Their voices seemed so loud in the wake of the powerful silence they shared. Astrid gave her fingers an experimental wiggle.

"Wanna get my nose too?" she quipped.

Hiccup considered her for a moment. Her cheeks were flushed—either from the post-flight bloodrush or something more relevant to him. Her bottom lip, pink and chapped, was pinched between her teeth. The dark quiet of the barn turned her eyes luminous. Wind-whipped blond hair tumbled over her shoulder, half out of its braid, a strand caught in the corner of her mouth.

Hiccup wet his lips unconsciously at the sight. He released her hands and brought them up to cup her face, brushing her hair away as he did so. His movements were slow and deliberate, so much so that Astrid thought he might have mistaken her for a horse he didn't want to spook.

The thought caused her lips to quirk—a half-smile that dropped as soon as Hiccup started to lean in, drawing her face to his with unusually steady hands. Astrid allowed his guidance; she allowed her eyes flutter shut. Her lips parted.

She felt Hiccup rub the tip of his nose against hers, back and forth, three times.

Then he pulled away. His hands dropped from her face.

Astrid opened her eyes.

"What?" She glanced around, wondering if, perhaps, someone had stumbled in on them.

They were alone. Apparently that was all she would get from him.

She fought to keep her lips from pouting and settled her hands on her hips.

"What was that?"

Hiccup gave her shrug and a grin that Astrid couldn't share.

Why was he smiling? \_\_\*\*Odin's beard\*\*\_\_, he was annoying sometimes.

"Kunik," he answered. He clicked his tongue around the sound, as though he were still learning it himself.

"A-what-ik?" The foreign word settled her ire. "Is that some kind of foreign kiss?"

She tried to keep the intrigue from her voice. Hiccup's weird, personal quirk of always wanting to try new things often annoyed Astrid—\_why couldn't he ever just be satisfied with what they knew and had?—\_but, at times, it could also prove rewarding.

Hiccup chuckled. "Nah. I think it's some kind of greeting they use in the Northwest."

He paused and considered the way his breath clouded the air between. Coldness swept in alongside the approaching dusk.

"Come on," he said, turning away. "Let's get inside—"

Astrid grabbed the sleeve of his tunic and yanked back. Hiccup yelped, jerked off-foot, and fell stumbling into her body.

She caught him, grabbed his face in a far less gentle manner than he had handled hers earlier, and leveled it so they were eye-to-eye.

"I didn't \_ask\_ for a greeting," she told him.

With a hand firmly on the back of his head, and the other fisted around his belt to keep him exactly where she wanted him, Astrid pulled Hiccup in for a proper lesson on How to Warm your Girlfriend.

### 3. Into the Sea (Haddock Family)

**\*\*Title\*\*:** Into the Sea

**\*\*Rating:\*\*** K+/T

**\*\*Characters\*\*:** Hiccup, Stoick, Valhallarama

**\*\*Type\*\*:** Family, Drama, Angst, **\*\*Riders of Berk outtake\*\***

**\*\*A/N\*\*** Afterthought of the episode Breakneck Bog

**\*\*\*\*\***

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><p><strong>Into the Sea<strong>

Hiccup lay in bed and listened to the even pattern of his dragon breathing, his gaze fixed on the ceiling as he waited for sleep. His eyes shifted to the weathered dragon doll hung over his headboard.

His father's words of earlier echoed in his mind in a haunting reverberation.

**\*\*\_"One day we were out fishing and you threw that thing out into the sea!"\_\*\***

Hiccup remembered that day. He did. He remembered sitting beside his father, remembered the sunless, grey sky, he remembered how the wood of the fishing pole chafed against his palms.

He almost told him then, just after his father brought it up. Hiccup almost told his father the truth because they had been so \_open\_ with each other as of late. Hiccup had held the little dragon in his hands, scouring his mind for the gentlest words needed, but when he opened his mouth all he said was, \_"\*\_How did you find it?" \*\_and the moment had passed.

Hiccup blinked away the memory of an opportunity missed and focused back on his mother's gift. His father thought he threw that doll in the sea because \_he was scared of it.\_

For a moment Hiccup felt like he couldn't get enough air.

He \_was\_ scared of the doll as a child, he remembered that now, but he hadn't thrown it into the sea out of fear.

He was angry.

Furious.

Hiccup clenched his eyes shut, unable to look at the rescued doll any longer. Even now, years later, he recalled the muddle state of confusion, hurt, and resentment that led to him chucking that doll into the ocean.

He was six years old and his mother had missed his birthday, \_again\_. She was \_weeks\_ late now. She promised she would be there for this one. She had \*\_promised\*\_. And he was sick of it. Sick of her absence. Of her broken promises. Of her selfishness. Of his father's fumbling attempts to make up for it and how \_sad\_ he looked sometimes at night, sitting alone in His Chair, safe from the criticisms of the village. He was sick of her choosing quests over \_them.\_

Hiccup remembered sitting next to his father, each with a pole in hand, and feeling a righteous anger build in the pit of his stomach as Stoickâ€"strong, silent Stoickâ€"stared out across the sea with that rare, hollow expression reserved for thoughts of \_her.\_

And that was where Hiccup found the courage to throw that doll far into the ocean. His father never questioned why he brought the thing with them in the first place, that Hiccup intended of getting rid of it in an act of defiance against his mother to begin with. It wasn't in his father's nature to question things and that was the first time Hiccup truly appreciated it.

The next Hiccup heard of his mother was four days later, when emissaries from the Waterlands returned with her armor. He remembered watching her bodiless, symbolic pyre burn towards the horizon, following the same path of the toy he discarded. He remembered how the anguish and remorse and \_suddenness\_ and stares and pity all built up that Hiccup could \_just\_ ignore the gnawing of guilt against his gut.

He would never tell his father the truth: that he threw the doll out into the ocean because, in that fleeting, childish moment, \_he had hated his mother\_. \_He would continue to let Stoick believe it was out of fear, just as he let his father believe he wanted to hunt dragons for so many yearsâ€"to spare him from the painful truth.

Hiccup shifted to his side, still seeking comfort and sleep amidst uncomfortable thoughts, and decided, with finality, that he would bear the burden of this guilt alone, because he was moving into a time where it was his turn to protect his father and not the other way around.

#### 4. Thorston

**\*\*Title:\*\* Time, Death, Love**

**\*\*Rating: \*\*K+**

**\*\*Characters: \*\*Ruffnut (mentions of OC)**

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Time, Death, Love<strong>

Ruffnut had never been a solitary girl. Not necessarily friendly, but never alone. She had a twin at her side from birth and grew too comfortable with having an external, empathetic halfâ€"someone who she needed no words with, who could predict her reactions and complement her behavior. Other people annoyed her. She hated having to explain things; she wasn't ever any good with words. She'd hit them and grunt and hoped they got her message that way.

Time taught her temper. Temper broadened her world. She flew, she hunted, she travelled, she traded. When Tuffnut was not at her side, she had Astrid. When not Astrid, her husband. Always someone.

Ruffnut loved risk, she loved reward, she loved her father and her dragon and the handful of friends who never asked for her explanations. She loved her husband more than she was prepared for.

She never had children. Never wanted them, never had the hips for them, never had the mind for them. He never mindedâ€"her husbandâ€"and that's what mattered most. He never pressured her, resented her or pitied her. He never held her back, she never pushed him. They learned to relish the time they had together. They worked so well, so unexpectedly well, that she often had to pause and wonder how a guy like him existed for a girl like her.

She loved naps. She loved the slow moments in between a brawl or a stunt or a kill and she loved having someone at her side for them. Even the simple press of a forearm against hers was enough to put her at ease after an adrenaline high.

Ruffnut Thorston had a wild streak that lasted to the end of her days. At 71 she trounced her grand-nephew in a dragon race and collected her winnings (not even blood-kin would be spared from paying their dues). Then she climbed the stone-studded hill to sit on her porchâ€"as she often did to calm her old, racing heartâ€"and rested her head of starch-white hair against the span of her husband's stomach. In the comfort of a familiar place, in a familiar routine, with familiar companionship, Ruffnut closed her eyes for one, last, sunset nap.

Her death wasn't sudden or glorious and not at all how she would have predicted. But it was perfect.

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><p><strong>Title: <strong>Memories

\*\*Rating: \*\*T

\*\*Characters: Ruffnut and Tuffnut\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Memories<strong>

Sharing a life with someone meant sharing moments. Sharing memories.

The twins both remembered their third birthday. Their father bought a yakâ€”thier family's firstâ€”and it was gone by sundown. Ruffnut remembers Tuffnut jumping on its back. Tuffnut remembers Ruffnut slapping its hindquarters. They both remember that their parents could never figure who to blame.

They remember the walks to the Mead Hallâ€”twice a day, the same route. But Tuffnut remembers the Bardison's hut where fresh-baked breads could always be smelled, and Ruffnut remembers the forge shop most accuratelyâ€”the peeks she would steal of that crazy, cute disaster the chief tried to keep locked up.

\_He\_ remembers his first weaponâ€”a daggerâ€”that he earned for behaving one week over his sister. She cried about unfairness and he snickered and cut a forelock of her hair off. The dagger was confiscated.

\_She\_ remembers her first moon's blood and how Tuffnut screamed. He demanded separate beds after that. She cackled and he cried.

He remembers the awe of watching a Night Fury break through the chains of the Kill Ring and she remembers horror as Hiccup was nearly trampled by a Nightmare.

The twins experienced a thousand moments together, but their most vivid were the ones they didn't share.

## 5. Drinking (HiccupAstrid)

\_\*\*A/N:\*\*\_ Three drabbles, all revolving around alcohol. Enjoy.\_

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Title:<strong> Quiet Me

\*\*Rating: \*\*K+

\*\*Characters: \*\*Astrid, Hiccup

\* \* \*

><p>Astrid chewed her lip and looked around with wide, dilated eyes. Shadows moved in every corner of her vision as Vikings travelled home for the night. No one looked their way. They were safe out of the brazier light.<p>

For now.

"Alright," she said in a breathy pep talk. "Okay. Justâ€¦ I just have to get you home, Hiccup, and in bed, and I'll see you in the morning. Yeah?"

Stoick should be asleep by now. She counted on it.

"Okay, Hiccup?" she asked again when she got no reply.

Astrid turned and found Hiccup not where she left him, but headed towards the weapons' storage barn.

"Hey," Hiccup called loudly, directionless. "Hey! Toother?"

Astrid hissed and jumped at him.

"Hiccup no!" She grabbed his vest and spun him back around towards his home. "Shhh!"

Hiccup stumbled into her. "Iâ€¦!"

She tried to cover his mouth.

\_"Shhhhh!"\_

"I need Tooth," he demanded, muffled. Astrid's palm was wet in seconds. She jerked her hand away and wiped it on her shirt.

"Hiccup, you need to \_shut up\_," she whispered harshly. If anyone saw themâ€¦

They made a show of heading home to their parents before they met back up with some of the other teens for a little partyâ€¦one that got out of hand quickly. Half of the caskets were bought off Johan earlier that week and contained foreign liquids. Hiccup, of course, had to at least \_try\_ everything.

Said young man now waved enthusiastically at an overturned wheelbarrow.

"Toothless!"

Astrid grabbed his arm and yanked it down.

"Shush! Toothless is asleep \_in your room!\_"

"Nnnoâ€¦ he's rightâ€¦" Hiccup tried to approach the barrow. Astrid held onto him.

"Yes. Hiccupâ€¦Hiccup, look at meâ€¦" She grabbed his face with one hand, cheeks pinched together, and forced him to face her. "Toothless

is in your room. "

His eyes were wide and unfocused with irises like huge, black circles. They looked right through her.

"Ah ooo shoore?" he asked.

"I'm sure," she said calmly. At least he stopped fighting her. "Now let's go to him. He's waiting for you."

"In my room," he said, squinting at his shoes.

"In your room," she confirmed, "where we're going now. So you can sleep."

"Sleep?"

"Yeah, come on. Start walking."

She put an arm around his waist, knowing better than to let him walk on his own again, and started ushering him up the hill.

"Make sure you sleep on your side," Astrid told him. Hel only knows why she bothered since, if the pattern of the night continued, he wouldn't even remember.

Hiccup's head was bobbing and his eyes were mostly closed, but he responded in garbled nonsense.

"Mmmâ€¦ so you can be big spoon?"

"So you don't choke on your own vomit."

His feet kept crossing over the other, stumbling more on his own limbs than anything in their path. The bulk of his weight fell to Astrid.

"Ohâ€¦ gods, what did you \_drink\_?" she moaned and readjusted him with a grunt.

"How are you even talking to me?" Hiccup said to the sky. "You shpeakâ€¦ so well with your eyesâ€¦" He swayed and began to teeter away from her.

"Odin's missing eye," Astrid swore. "Get over here!"

She yanked him back to her sideâ€¦ and then she was holding him, because he wasn't standing any more.

"Hiccup!"

"Night," he said, and he slid through her arms onto the ground.

Astrid took a moment to catch her breath as she stared down at the chief's spread-eagle son. Then she kicked him.

"Get up."

He hardly reacted, eyes remaining closed.

"I am up," he mumbled sleepily.

"Oh no you don't!" Astrid snatched his arm and tried to haul him off the ground. She only managed to get him into a seated position.

\_Damn it, he was only ninety pounds \_last\_ year!\_

"Get up," Astrid said again. She wouldn't repeat herself a third time. She was tired, thirsty, and had her own share of ale. Not, thank the gods, whatever \_he\_ drank.

"\_You\_ come \_down\_," Hiccup giggled. He started pulling her back. Astrid quickly twisted her wrist from his grip and Hiccup flung back onto the grass with a grunt.

"No, we need to \_go,\_" she said.

"We need to sleep," he returned in that slow, heavy voice he'd been using since they left the Thorston's shed.

"Hiccup, I will leave you here," Astrid threatened. "Your dad is going to find you in the road tomorrow morning, and \_you'll\_ have to answer for it."

Astrid could \_just\_ make out his smile in the cloud-filtered moonlight.

"Mmmaybeâ€|" Hiccup grinned, "maybe he'll find \_us\_ here."

She threw her arms in the air. She was done.

"Good night, Hiccup."

"G'd night."

Astrid made it the rest of the way down the hill before she heard him.

"Toothlessâ€| Toothless come hereâ€| Toooothlessâ€| I need to cuddleâ€| light thisâ€| light this so I can cuddleâ€|"

She tilted her head skyward.

"Odin help me."

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup awoke the next morning on the dewy grass halfway up the hill to his home. He had screaming headache, parched throat, nausea that kept him on the ground, and a blanket overtop his body.<p>

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><p><strong>#####<strong>

\*\*Title:\*\* Hangover

\*\*Rating: \*\*T/M

**\*\*Characters: \*\***Astrid, Hiccup

\* \* \*

><p><strong>#####<strong>

Astrid hated everything. The dragons crooning outside were too loud, the light streaming from the roof window too bright, the covers too heavy, her skin too sticky.

She desperately wanted to get out of bed and get some waterâ€"her mouth tasted of cotton even without her face stuffed into a pillowâ€"but her stomach lurched at any sort of elevation.

\_ "Umghghghâ€| "\_

The body next to her chuckled, which told Astrid two things: Hiccup was awake, and he was an utter bastard.

Astrid half heartedly slapped a hand back and whacked him on the thigh a couple of times. He shifted closer to her and buried his face in her hair.

"I told you not to have that last drink," he said, grinning into the thick of her mane.

Astrid would have properly hit him if she were feeling up to it. She vaguely recalled Hiccup warning her against another cup of the heady liquid, but she had been too set on drinking at least one more than he did. How was she to know the drink Hiccup bought off of Trader Johan would be so potent? What more, how was she to know Hiccup had a knack for tolerance and pacing she could only dream of? He had never been much of a social drinker so she assumed, as had many of their peers, that he couldn't handle his drink at allâ€|

She wished she could feel more annoyed with Hiccupâ€"there was that tone of \_smugness \_Snotlout often companied aboutâ€"but his hand rubbing up and down her bare back felt too good for her to really dissuade his touch.

"Justâ€| don't talk," she rasped and pushed her face back into the pillow.

The breeze from the window cooled her overheated skin. She kicked the furs further down her body, uncaring of her nude state. No one would come knocking if they knew what was good for them.

Hiccup pulled her hair back and kissed the base of her neck. Astrid nearly told him not to touch her but she was torn between feeling gross and enjoying his touch.

Because she did little more than give a grunt of half-hearted protest, Hiccup continued his attentions. He planted another kiss at her spine, and another at her shoulder; his finger tips danced the length of her torso, his nails grazed the curve of her breast.

Astrid moaned. Hiccup chuckled again.

"Want some water?"

She did, desperately. She also didn't want Hiccup to stop. She wanted a sober reminder of the night before, because all she could dredge up were insights and flashes and too few memories of pleasure. She remembered pulling the draw of Hiccup's pants, tripping on the uneven step to their loft, his laughterâ€"soothingâ€"and his hands at her hips, guiding her movementsâ€|

Astrid reached a hand back and tangled her fingers in Hiccup's hair.

"Just have Toothless get it."

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><p><strong>#####<strong>

\*\*Title:\*\* Drunk Dragons

\*\*Rating: \*\*T

\*\*Characters: \*\*Astrid, Hiccup, Toothless, Stormfly, Twins

\* \* \*

><p><strong>#####<strong>

\_"What. Happened.\_"

Astrid turned. Arms crossed, face steely.

"I was about to ask you that," she returned.

Hiccup stepped into the storage barn, his eyes roving over the supine forms of their dragons.

He scoffed, delayed. "Me? I didn't leave the latch open!"

"Well, neither did I!" Astrid said, following his gaze, back to Stormfly and Toothless. Both comatose, tongues lolling. Three barrels of mead were splintered and opened like cracked eggs; the dregs of drink and dragon saliva pooled in their husks.

Hiccup had to wince at the sight. He had never seen the creatures sleep like this. The stomach was a dragon's soft-spot; they'd never expose themselves in such a way unless they were around people they trusted.

They never slept with their stomachs up either.

He whirled on Astrid.

"I was in the forge all day, if you remember."

"I do, actually," she said coolly. Her face told him she already had a bone to pick with him outside of the dragon situation. "And I was

training."

"But you went to the mead hall last night," he pointed out.

"Where I stayed and then went home."

Hiccup opened his mouth again when a grating, obnoxious voice overrode his rejoinder.

"Aw, man, you two should have **\*\*seen\*\*** these guys go at it!"

Tuffnut Thorston stood in the doorway of the shack. Slouched, grinning, his sister's head bobbing up over his shoulder.

"I told you Zipplebacks could handle their ale better than Nadders," Ruffnut uttered. She gave her brother a rough push to the back of his shoulder as she stepped in beside him.

Tuffnut shoved her back. "Then we should have given them all ale and not separate drinks! Oh!" He turned back to the couple. "Belch is fine, by the way. Not even hungover.

"Barf is finer," Ruffnut added.

"What?" Hiccup said in a low, dangerous voice neither twin had ever heard from him.

"You did this?" Astrid hissed at the same time, her finger jabbed at their poor, sick dragons.

Tuffnut snickered. "Oh man, it was great. Toothless is totally a chugger, Hiccup."

"And Stormfly was prissy at first," Ruffnut cackled. "Totally predictable, but she got a taste for it."

"Yeah," her brother sighed, wiping a tear from his eye. "Some dragons just can't hold their mead."

In a smooth motion, Astrid flipped her axe and thrust it, flat-headed, into Hiccup's chest. He grunted as his hands reflexively came up to take the weapon.

"Hold my axe for me," she said. She stalked towards the twins, the wraps of her hands creaking as her fists clenched.

"Kick their ass, baby," Hiccup wheezed. "I got your axe."

End  
file.